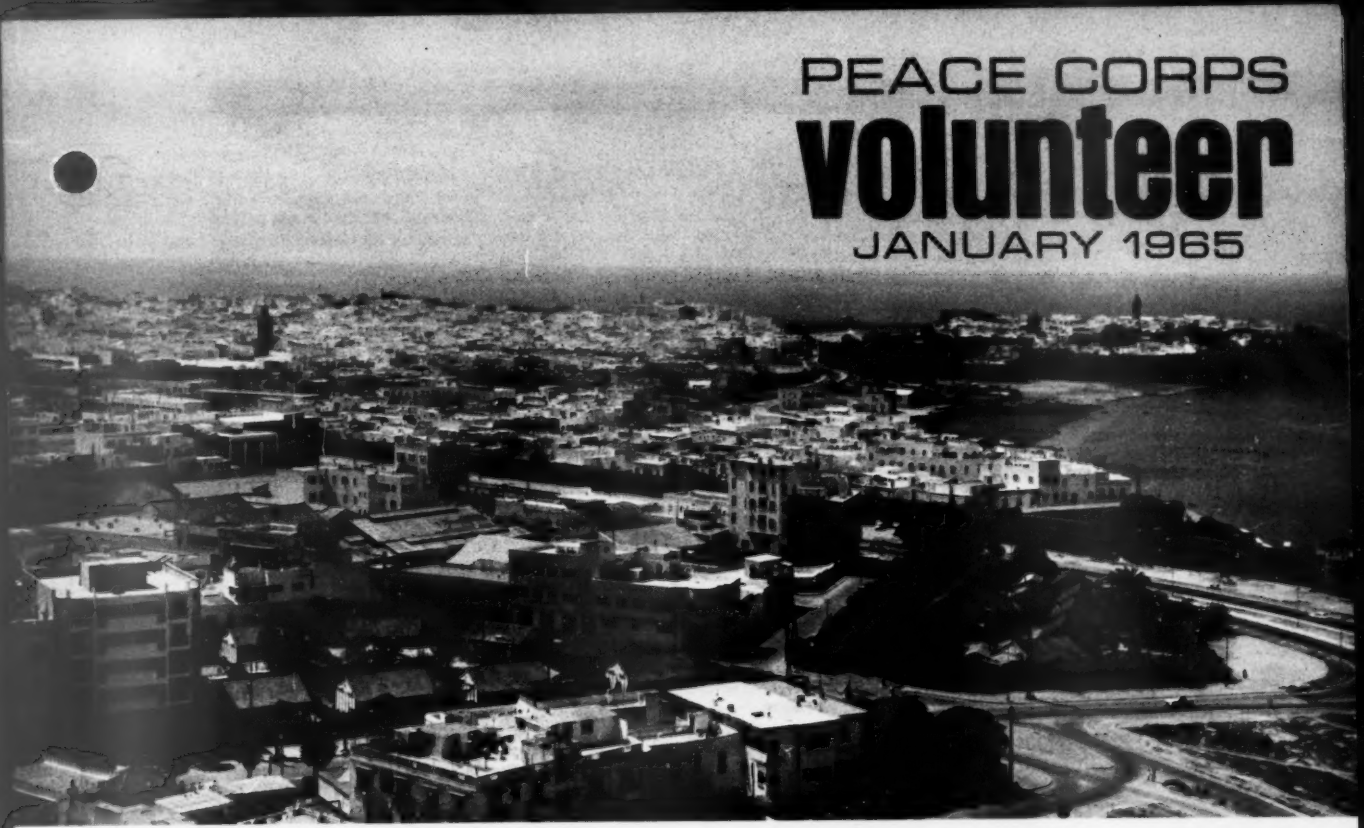
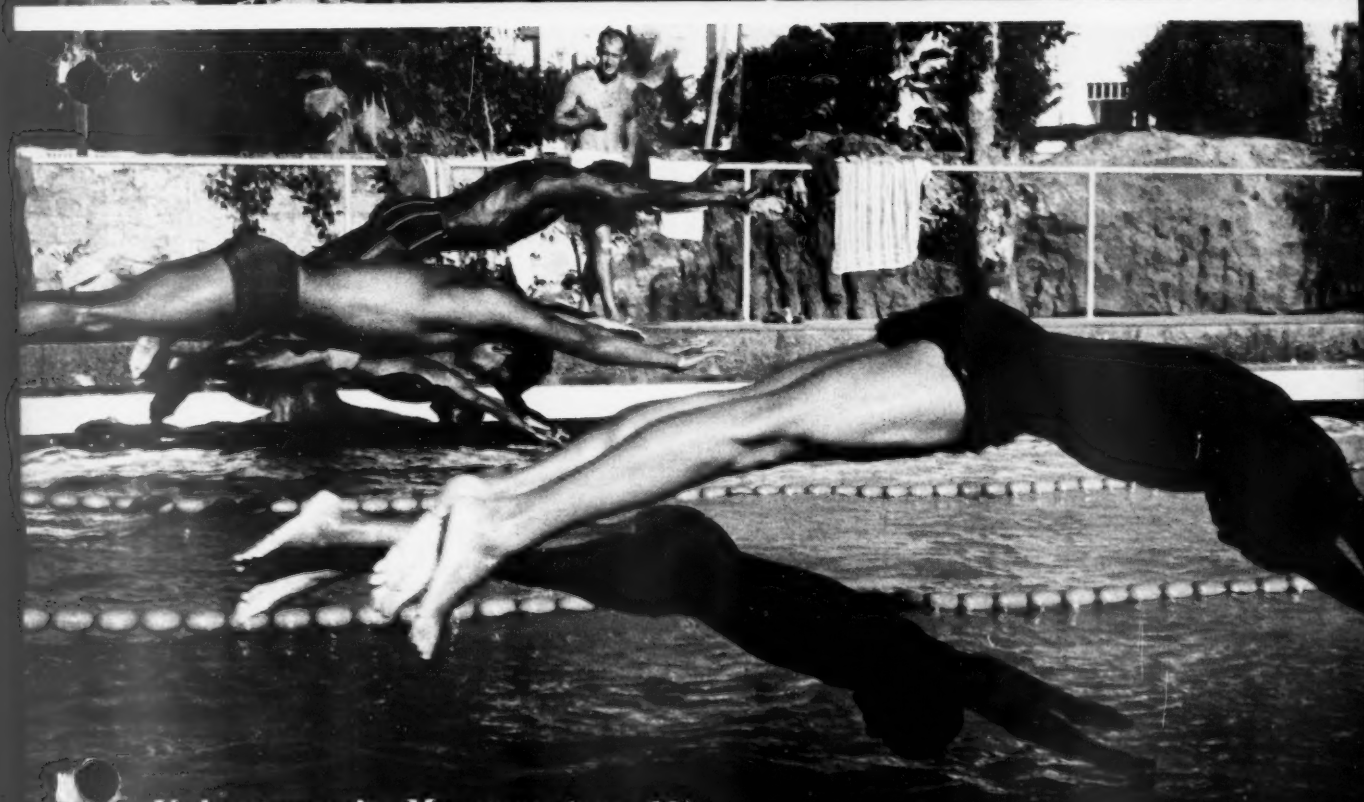
PEACE CORPS

volunteer

JANUARY 1965





Volunteers in Morocco (page 12)

Point of the Lance: Two Views

The following commentary on Sargent Shriver's book, Point of the Lance *(published in both hardbound and paperback by Harper & Row, New York) is reprinted here in abridgment with permission from* Book Week, *© 1964, New York Herald Tribune Inc. The writer is a former career Foreign Service officer who served for 23 years abroad. He is author of* Foreign and Other Affairs, *published in August, 1964.*

By John Paton Davies Jr.

Ye need not have the poor always with you, provided that ye have commitment. This seems to be Sargent Shriver's main message in *Point of the Lance.*

"Today's central issue," he says, "is a moral issue: the issue of commitment . . . we are the first nation in history with the strength to solve its own problems. If we fail, it will be a failure of commitment." With commitment we can solve more than our own problems, Shriver suggests. We can also go a long way, at least, toward solving other peoples' problems, with almost three billion underprivileged people becoming our colleagues in progress.

But what is this commitment? Briefly, it is compassion and service. Together, Shriver declares, they "can dissolve obstacles of race and belief anywhere in the world." His hero, St. Paul, put it more plainly: "Though I bestow all my goods to feed the poor . . . and have not love, it profiteth me nothing."

Essentially, what Shriver is advocating is applied Christianity. He says that social problems are moral problems in the large. He speaks of the need for spiritual values in the work of government. He would usher in the Kingdom of Heaven, if not under Lyndon Johnson —after all, even yet another term is scarcely time for that—at least under one of his successors, preferably a Democrat.

In urging dedication to Christian principles, the director of the Peace Corps is in goodly company. His exhortations are unexceptionable. But because he is hung with the same albatross that has limited the effectiveness of others in that company—a general moral apathy—we may doubt that his own spiritual fervor will kindle any widespread commitment within the country. In these days, though, even a little commitment is better than none at all.

Religious conviction is not the only compulsion to commitment. The heritage of the American Revolution, Shriver maintains, is another. Its basic issues, too, "were not material but spiritual." And its goals were "universal goals": the right of self-government, freedom, and the rights of man. Furthermore, we have always been dedicated to certain principles, defined by Shriver as the world's right to diversity, belief in the power of individual moral conscience to remake the world, and the conviction that all things are possible to men of determination, energy, and a willingness to toil.

But, wonders Shriver, has latter-day affluence caused a fatty degeneration of our revolutionary virtues, a torpor in self-reliance, initiative and independence?

Now this is a familiar plaint. And there is probably a good deal of truth in it. For we not only are a "have" society, which sets us apart from the turbulent havenots, but the very process by which we are coming to have more and more discourages in most of us the flowering of traditional virtues. It is not that our society has ceased to be revolutionary. It is no longer a revolution of individualism asserting its rights—excepting in the delayed case of the Negro. It is now, more broadly, a revolution of an industrial-merchandising system demanding uninspiring changes in man himself, necessary to create more affluence and more leisure. Attachment to the values extolled by Shriver still exists, extensive moral atrophy notwithstanding. And that is all to the good. Some individualistic idealism should temper the impersonal, implacable winds of the new revolution of imposed benevolence.

Now this is all very well when Shriver talks about the War on Poverty in the United States. He is on home grounds. The War on Poverty is a domestic program, an internal matter in this country. It is minding our own business, an increasingly serious piece of business. It is when he gazes out upon foreign parts that Shriver is carried away into political evangelism. The American revolution, he proclaims, is intended for all mankind. We must explain and extend our revolution abroad. "The central problem of American world policy is to use this power of the people"—not the American people, but foreigners—"intelligently and effectively."

And pray, toward what end is this intrusive manipulation directed? "What we are seeking is not the support of these nations but their success." By "success" Shriver apparently means that the so-called emergent countries "become healthy democratic societies." Splendid, but what does he consider to be a healthy democracy in Africa, Asia or Latin America? To this question he provides no answer.

* * *

It has been the experience of the Western-Northern world that bearing witness and doing good works among the under-affluent in the three other quarters of the world often have gone awry. To be sure, some have been genuinely converted and their lives changed. But most have reacted as a matter of expedience or not at all or contrariwise. This is said not in derogation of the effort made but only in recognition of the normal human tendency to be little influenced by foreign preachment.

Yet the urge to service and self-sacrifice still exists among us. More than 100,000 Americans have applied to join the ranks of the Peace Corps. This says something about us. So does the fact that, in contrast to most of our other governmental activities abroad, there has been virtually unanimous support of the Peace Corps.

What it seems to say is that some Americans, at least, feel a need for an outlet through which they can express a nagging idealism and relieve a feeling of embarrassment, if not guilt, about the impoverished people of the world. There is also in this a seeking of adventure on the part of the Peace Corps volunteer—the foreign poor stir the imagination more than the domestic poor.

Shriver states that we owe a debt of gratitude to the emerging nations. "By letting us participate in their struggles they have given us a chance to find ourselves." For the Peace Corps volunteers "are still in search of 'real life,' in search of reality." And so it may yet emerge that the American response to the existence of the Peace Corps is more significant than the foreign response to the accomplishments of the Peace Corps.

□ □ □

The daily book critic of the "Books of The Times" section of The New York Times *made these comments about the book (© 1964 by The New York Times Co. Reprinted by permission):*

By Charles Poore

"Until you have crossed the river, don't insult the crocodile's mouth," an old African proverb holds, and Sargent Shriver has been mindful of it throughout his career. Since Mr. Shriver is always crossing rivers where actual or metaphorical crocodiles bask, he obviously has no plans to speak disparagingly about them. Instead, he gets ahead with other plans. And plans, and plans, and plans. One President, his brother-in-law, John Fitzgerald Kennedy, handed him the Peace Corps to carry out. He got that assignment, someone genially told him, "because no one thought the Peace Corps could succeed and it would be easier to fire a relative than a political friend." The crocodiles swarmed; the bridges were crossed.

(Continued on last page)

Joy Darling

Joy Ruth Darling, a 22-year-old Volunteer from Jamestown, N.Y., was killed Jan. 3 in a motorcycle accident in Cochabamba, Bolivia.

Peace Corps staff members in Bolivia said the accident occurred in early evening as Miss Darling was riding as a passenger on a rented motorcycle driven by Volunteer Lowell Wagner (Quarrytown, Pa.). They were en route to a wedding reception in the city.

As they turned a corner by Plaza Colon in the center of Cochabamba, the motorcycle was struck from behind by a truck. Thrown to the pavement, Miss Darling died instantly from a skull fracture, doctors said. Wagner was hospitalized in Cochabamba for treatment of lacerations.

Miss Darling had gone to Bolivia in October, 1964, after training at the University of Nebraska and at Peace Corps camps in Puerto Rico. She had been assigned as a public-health worker and was living in the small community of Tiquipaya, six miles from Cochabamba, Bolivia's second-largest city located in the center of the country 140 miles southeast of La Paz.

Her work took her to homes in her community and to farms in the area, promoting the use of latrines and better home sanitation. When she applied to the Peace Corps in January, 1964, she wrote, "I want very much to do something for my country, and I feel I will be able to express this desire in serving as a Peace Corps Volunteer. I must also confess that I will think much more of myself as a citizen and as a human being after having given of myself in such a capacity."

Born in Jamestown, her family moved when she was three to a farm near Sugar Grove, Pa. She lived there until she was 19, when the family returned to Jamestown. After attending Eisenhower High School in Akeley, Pa., and Jamestown Community College, she spent two years at Kent (O.) State University, graduating in June, 1964, with a B.A. in sociology.

Joy Darling

In high school she was a cheerleader and took part in junior- and senior-class plays, and was president of her 4-H club. She received salutatorian, American Legion, and forensic awards upon graduation from high school. At Jamestown she was a member of the student council. She was skilled at camping and horseback riding, and said in her application that "I do a little sewing and a lot of cooking."

Miss Darling is survived by her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Roy Guy Darling, and a brother, Leroy, 20, all of Jamestown. Funeral services in Jamestown were attended by Jasin Edward, Peace Corps Director in Bolivia, and Forrest A. Craven (Vallejo, Calif.), a Volunteer who had also been assigned to Tiquipaya.

She was the eleventh Volunteer to die in service. Two others have been killed in road accidents, four in plane crashes, one in a mountaineering accident, one by drowning, one from medicinal overdose, and one from illness.

On Re-enrollment

Procedures for Volunteer re-enrollment and extension of service were clarified recently by the Division of Volunteer Support. Peace Corps policy now encourages both re-enrollment and extention.

After an initial tour of two years, Volunteers who want to continue their service have three alternatives:

- Re-enrollment for another two years in the same country.
- Re-enrollment for a full term in a country different from the one of original service.
- Extension of service up to one year in the same country.

An initial tour plus one re-enrollment and two extensions has been set as the maximum time a Volunteer may serve, allowing up to six years abroad.

To the end of December, 28 Volunteers had re-enrolled, most in the country of original service. A total of 328 Volunteers has been recorded as extending service for periods up to one year.

A Volunteer who wants to re-enroll should consult his Peace Corps Representative at least three months before his first term ends. Former Volunteers who want to re-enroll should apply by writing to the Director of Selection, Peace Corps, Washington. Volunteers who want to re-enroll in a different country as well as former Volunteers who apply will usually be required to take part in training for the country they request.

Volunteers who want to extend their service should notify Peace Corps Representatives as long before their regular termination date as possible.

Volunteers who extend their service a full year may take 30 days of leave in addition to their regular leave, and

Helping harvest fodder that will become winter silage is Volunteer Stuart McKenzie (white hat) of Grandview, Washington, who lives with his wife, Connie, at Ouled M'Hamed, Tunisia, on an 11,000-acre experimental farm near the edge of Sahara.

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may travel to the U.S. The Peace Corps will pay half the cost of economy-class jet transportation from the host country to their homes in the U.S. and return. Host countries may pay the other half of the Volunteer's special-leave travel, or the Volunteer may draw against his accumulated readjustment allowance to help cover the costs of his transportation.

All extensions and re-enrollments must be approved by Peace Corps Representatives and, in some instances, by Peace Corps headquarters in Washington.

Ivoirien Whimericks

There was a young man of Seguela
Whose English got stala and stala.
When visited once,
He responded in grunts
For he'd lost all his sesquipedalia.

□ □ □

There is a young man in Liberia
Whose power of digestion's inferior.
The last time he looked
He found out that he's hooked
There's a saboteur in the interior.

□ □ □

On the subject of lettuce and foutou*
There's a puzzle I haven't a clue to:
Since I have partaken
Of naught but raw bacon,
Pray what is my tummyache due to?

—By Liz Lapidus (Flushing, N.Y.) and Julia Caven (Wahiawa, Hawaii) Reprinted from the Peace Corps Ivory Coast publication *En Principe*.

* a pounded, fermented root cereal.

Philippines Rescue

A group of 34 Peace Corps Volunteers in the Philippines aided in the rescue of passengers from an interisland ship which sank in a turbulent strait between the Sulu and Celebes Seas in November.

The Volunteers, members of the thirteenth group to go to the Philippines, had arrived in the country Nov. 18 and were participating in training sessions at the Peace Corps Education Center at Ayala, near Zamboanga City on the island of Mindanao.

On Nov. 28, as they were walking on the beach near the conference center, several members of the group saw the vessel founder and capsize about three-fourths of a mile offshore in Basilan Strait between the southeastern tip of Mindanao and Basilan Island. The ship, a 120-foot converted minesweeper, was inverted by deck-high waves caused by a tropical storm.

No life boats were sighted. Volunteers and Filipino members of the Peace Corps staff launched a small boat into the swift current of the strait in an attempt to rescue passengers before they were swept into the Sulu Sea.

"Surface conditions and congested water filled with swimming pigs and other cargo prevented our attempts to reach survivors," said Philip Olson, Associate Peace Corps Representative. The rescue boat was forced to return to the shore. Life rafts carrying 20 survivors were beached with the help of Volunteer Pete Hoon (Newtown, Conn.), who swam through the rough surf with a line to guide the rafts in.

Volunteers set up a rescue center to give first aid and hot meals to survivors. Philippines officials estimated that of 50 passengers—all Filipinos—aboard the ship, 30 had survived.

Special Case

Marina Walker, an X-ray technician serving in a Dessye, Ethiopia, hospital, feeds a 'special' baby as an Ethiopian attendant looks on; Volunteers have cared for the infant since it was found abandoned on the hospital steps. Marina, one of 556 Volunteers in Ethiopia, is from Hendersonville, N. C.

JFK Memorial Books

At ceremonies in November, Peace Corps Representatives in Ethiopia and Turkey presented John F. Kennedy Memorial Library collections to universities in the two countries. More than 2000 books were donated to each library by American publishers through the Peace Corps.

Ethiopian Peace Corps Director Donald Wilson gave a collection of volumes to Haile Selassie I University in Addis Ababa. In Turkey, Peace Corps Deputy Director Willard M. Whitman Jr. made the presentation to the Middle East Technical University in Ankara.

The 'Non-American' Volunteer

By Toshi Watanabe

If you feel somewhat stereotyped as an American Peace Corps Volunteer you should try being a "Non-American" one. You are definitely in another category. The more you deviate from the standard description of the "American," that is, tall, blonde, rich, and long-nosed, the less American you are. My former companion and fellow Volunteer was short, dark-haired, and dark-complexioned. She was considered "Italian" because her maternal grandmother came from Italy. But she was still lucky enough to possess the last-mentioned attribute.

Toshi Watanabe

But take me. By the foregoing criteria I am less American than a lot of Filipinos. In the beginning the question was always, "What part of Japan do you come from?" Now that I have spent two years here and am ready to return, of course the question has changed. Now it's "When are you going back to Japan?" They look at me incredulously when I tell them I have never been there in my life. "I am from the States. You know, The *United States* Peace Corps?"

"But you're not a *real* American."

"I was born there," I say rather lamely.

"But your parents are from Japan . . ." And we must go into my ancestry from there. A typical conversation with a fellow passenger on a jeepney would probably continue in this vein.

"But you know how to speak your native dialect."

"You mean Japanese?" I know by this time they don't mean English.

"Yes. You know I learned Japanese when *your people* were fighting us here during the war. How do you say 'I love you' in your dialect?"

Long pause while searching brain for dim memories from the past. "I don't think I ever learned that in my dialect."

"You do not know how to speak in your dialect?"

"I know good morning, good evening, thank you, and goodbye. I can also count to 10." Following which ensues an intellectual and stimulating exchange of greetings, polite phrases, and counting to 10. After our collective vocabulary of 25 words is exhausted, the conversation continues (in a mixture of the local dialect and English).

"I hope I can visit your country some day. It's very advanced. Not like the Philippines."

"Yes, but the United States is quite rich."

"No, I mean Japan."

"Oh."

"You should try to visit your own country."

"You mean Japan?"

"Naturally. I met another Peace Corps in Davao. She's from Wyoming. Is there a place called Wyoming?"

"Yes, it's a State. What's her name?"

"Her name is Bob. I forgot the family name. She's a *real* American."

"Yes, we do have some of those in the States."

"What state do you come from?"

"California."

"Ah, there are many Filipinos in California. The niece of my wife is studying in California. I will give you her address so you can visit her when you return to States. So you were born in States. Then you are like an American now."

"A little . . . I think."

"You will go down here? Don't forget to give my regards to the niece of my wife, ha? Sayonara."

When I'm with a group of other Volunteers I'm usually taken for a Filipina. Once in Manila I got on a bus with seven "American" Volunteers and was handed the tickets for all eight of us by the conductor, who assumed I was hosting around my American guests and would naturally pay their fare.

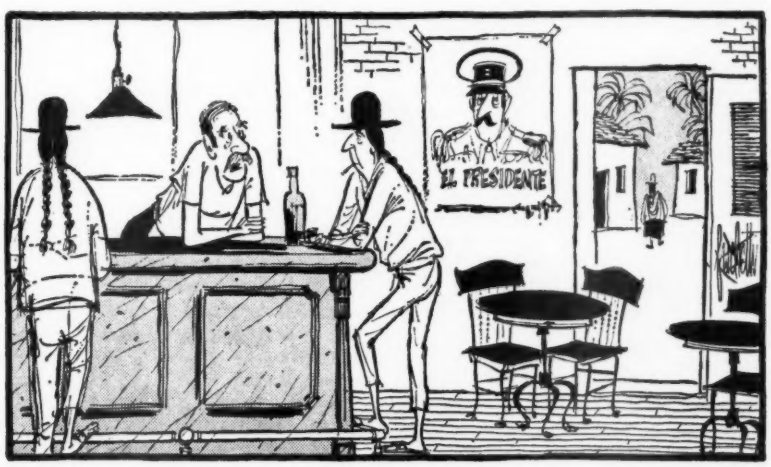
Curious fellow travelers or bystanders will often approach me in rather low tones to ask about my American friends. They are nonplussed at my brand of the dialect. I am on occasion ignored as a Filipina, special treatment being reserved for the Americans. I may even receive a look askew, meaning, "Where do you think you're going? Don't you know this is reserved for the Americanos?"

I'm looked upon as a brazen sort of female for attending a cockfight or hitching a ride on a cargo truck, while the "real" Americanas receive indulgent smiles.

But then there are compensations. I have been told when I was alone with Filipinos (that is, when there were no "real" Americans around) that, "We are the same. We are both Oriental." There seems to be less of a gap between them and myself than between them and the "real" Americans.

I am going to visit Japan soon for the first time. What kind of a reception I will receive there is something to speculate upon, but I imagine it will be much the same. There I will *look* like everyone else but act rather oddly. In the States I act more like everyone else but look odd. Japan is not my native land, but I am not a total stranger to her culture. To the people there, I warrant, I will be more American than Japanese. To the Filipinos I am a "Japonesa but from States." To the Americans I am the "Japanese or Chinese or whatever she is—you know, the Oriental one." And so it goes.

Toshi Watanabe (San Anselmo, Calif.) recently completed her Peace Corps service in the Philippines. She is a graduate of San Francisco State College, holding a B.A. in psychology granted in 1961. Her article is reprinted from Ang Boluntaryo, *Peace Corps newsletter in the Philippines.*



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"Oh, the Peace Corps guys are all right, but give me a good ol' ugly American with dough every time."

Competing team-members hold whirling tops on **chagots** as crowd watches intently; one top will become **kramat**—champion. A good top can spin as long as 2½ hours.

Retriever moves in to hoist spinning top just thrown into pitch center on long winding-rope.

A Top Story from Kelantan

By Esther Pierce

When Malaysian people hear the state of Kelantan mentioned, their thoughts usually turn to beautiful handwoven Songket silk, romantic beaches, and finely worked silver. Few would think of *main gasing*—top spinning.

To the Kelantanese, top-spinning is important. It is part of their heritage and as such holds a special place in their hearts. Early Chinese settlers introduced top-spinning to Kelantan as a children's game. About 300 years ago, Malays adopted the game and developed it into a national sport where complete *kampongs* (villages) turn out to see their team play and to cheer their champion.

Most of us think of tops as the small wooden ones or the pretty mechanical ones we played with as children. But the top of Kelantan is quite different. It is big, heavy, and handmade by slowly whittling and chipping wood to the desired shape and size. It is then polished by hours of patient rubbing and sanding.

There are tops for striking and tops for spinning. The first are made entirely of a very hard wood which does not split or break when struck by another top during competition. This top is small and weighs about five *katis* (6.6 pounds.) Next is the *gasing chelop*, a top encircled by a band of metal with an overlay of lead, and sometimes trimmed with a small ring of silver or gold filigree. This top weighs about 8 *katis* (10 pounds) and is only used in spinning competitions as it is easily damaged by bumps.

The top-spinning season begins after *Hari Raya Haji* (a Moslem fasting period in February or March), when the rice harvest is finished and the *kampong* people have time to sit and think of pleasure. New tops must be made, some for new players and some to replace the ones damaged during the last season. Everyone works to make his top the best, the most perfect, so it will win the championship.

Before a competition it is usual for players to take their tops to a *bomoh*—a *kampong* medicine man—and have them charmed to win, or their rivals' tops charmed to lose. Superstitions are very strong in Kelantan, and a close watch is kept on the tops, leaving nothing to chance. Every team has a *kramat*—champion top. This top is usually the oldest, the unbeaten, or the one which spins the longest (a good top can spin for as long as 2½ hours).

In the host *kampong* much work must be done. The rectangles of earth onto which the tops are tossed must be cleaned and levelled until the earth is hard and flat. The women and girls busy themselves preparing for the feast which follows the competition, while the old men sit reminiscing. Best clothes are taken from cupboards, and as time for the competition draws near the children turn out to get good places from which to watch. The area around the "pitch" gradually fills up and the crowd is a blaze of brightly colored clothing.

Each top is handled by a three-man team—one man winds the rope, one throws the top, and one picks up the spinning top and places it on its special *chagot* (stand). The rules of play are strict and the method of scoring is left entirely to the judges, who agree beforehand as to how the points are to be awarded.

In the striking competition, the first top is thrown into the center of the "pitch." The player must be careful not to lift his hand too high nor too low, and he is not allowed to stoop. The second player throws his top immediately. The second top must hit the first, then both tops are lifted and left on the stands until one has spun itself out. Should the second top not hit the first, it loses at once. The tops are lifted to an accompaniment of groans and cheers, for this is a tense moment. It is not easy to lift a spinning top that weighs five *katis*, and sometimes the top will fall; only if it continues to spin can it be lifted again.

The rules for spinning competition are

Each top is handled by three-man team—one winds rope, one throws, and one picks up.

Poised for the throw, a team member aims for the pitch; tops, which weigh from 6.6 to 10 pounds, are taken to **kampong** medicine-man for charming before contest.

the same but the object is only to see which top can spin the longest. The tops are handled with reverence, the winning top often enclosed in a *bokor* (box) adorned with flowers and carried in procession around the *kampong*.

After the competition the people gather for a *makan besar* (feast). They sit discussing the day's contests, reliving past competitions, and looking to the next one.

There is also entertainment at the feast, provided by other members of the *kampong*, who perform *bersilat*, the Malay art of self-defense. It can start as a performance accompanied by a group of musicians and then be transformed, with much excitement, into an actual fight. In addition, there might be Malay dancing demonstrations by both men and women, or a performance of the *menora*, a theatrical play with an all-male cast done to music.

Esther Pierce (San Carlos, Calif.) has been assigned as head of a travelling outpatient clinic in Kota Bharu, Kelantan, treating leprosy cases in surrounding communities. She worked in the pediatric ward of Kota Bharu General Hospital for 10 months after arriving in Malaysia in June, 1963, and is scheduled to complete her Peace Corps service this month. Before going abroad she worked in obstetrics at King County Hospital in Seattle. She holds a B.S. degree in nursing, granted in 1960 by the University of Washington.

Volunteer Nurse Esther Pierce, who took the photos above, makes entries in log book of Kota Bharu General Hospital; she works in travelling leprosy clinic.

Rudy D'Amico (in white shirt) has coached the Moroccan Royal Army basketball team to national first place and a tournament in Italy.

Volunteer teacher Polly Rightmire (Bryn Mawr, Pa.) leads game at an adult-education and child-care center in Morocco.

morocco

Volunteers Face Problems in a Proud Country

By Frederic C. Thomas Jr.

Some ask why the Peace Corps is in Morocco in the first place. From all outward appearances the country doesn't need much help from the Peace Corps. It has good roads and communications, important cash crops, modern housing and industry, skilled manpower, and a large middle class.

The Volunteer who is thrust into the heart of modern Casablanca, with all of its many conveniences and large European population, has good reason for disappointment. First, the absence of physical challenge and hardship contradicts most of his expectations. Then, unlike the village-based Volunteer, he is acutely aware of his relative insignificance and anonymity in a setting of such overwhelming proportions.

Casablanca, of course, is the extreme. There are many smaller, more traditional Moroccan centers where Volunteers are assigned. Some Volunteers teach English in small *collèges* (roughly comparable to American junior-high schools) in towns of 10-15,000 population, almost entirely Moroccan. Others live in small, mountain communities where they are mapping forest reserves and surveying contour terraces for reforestation projects. In the Morocco I group, which completed service last July, Volunteers were responsible for planning and supervising the construction of small canals, dams, and other irrigation devices. This work took them to the most remote oases of the desert where the results of their efforts were highly visible and greatly appreciated by the local populace.

Wherever they are, however, Volunteers come up against factors which inhibit the fulfillment of their mission. Moroccans are a proud people with a long history of independence. While pleased that Americans want to visit their country, study Arabic, and learn about their customs and traditions, they are not particularly receptive to outside help. When the Peace Corps began, there was some doubt that the Volunteers were really needed or wanted. Officially yes, but at the working level, perhaps not.

In the traditional sector of the society Volunteers encounter a highly individualistic approach to all endeavour and an absence of communal spirit upon which to base group activities. This makes their task more difficult. There is no spontaneous group response to the Volunteer's efforts, only individual reactions.

Also, the confinement of Moroccan women and the male-oriented nature of all social activity make full-time involvement in Moroccan society, especially for female Volunteers, next to impossible.

After the initial surge of hospitality—for which Moroccans are famous—Volunteers were disappointed in the shallowness of their relationships with Moroccans and attributed it to the cultural gap.

On a different plane altogether, some problems Volunteers encounter seem to rise from the French. There are more than 8000 Frenchmen in the school system and a like number in the ministries and technical services of the government. Volunteers are often met with skepticism and sometimes outspoken criticism from their French colleagues. For the resident French, as for the Moroccans themselves, our concept of disinterested, voluntary service is still hard to comprehend and believe. This is due in part to the anomalous status of the Volunteer, who seems to be working for the U.S. Government and the Moroccan Government at the same time, paid by one and housed by the other, and somehow under the authority of both.

Language a Problem

Also the fact that many Volunteers arrived at their posts with a very uncertain command of French, and no Arabic whatsoever, placed them at a disadvantage. Deficiency in the language implied technical deficiencies, and the burden was on the Volunteer to prove to both his Moroccan and his French associates that, despite problems in communication, he could still handle the job. The need to work within a bureaucracy and the elaborate and formal procedures introduced by the French seriously restricted the effectiveness of some Volunteers. Irrigators and surveyors were confronted by a complex of authorities which inhibited the kind of grass-roots approach they had expected. Seemingly every action, no matter how unimportant, required a series of approvals, vouchers, and other documentation before work could begin. Trained in self-help methods at the village level, the irrigators often

Threshing grain by traditional method, Moroccan farmers drive cattle over wheat.

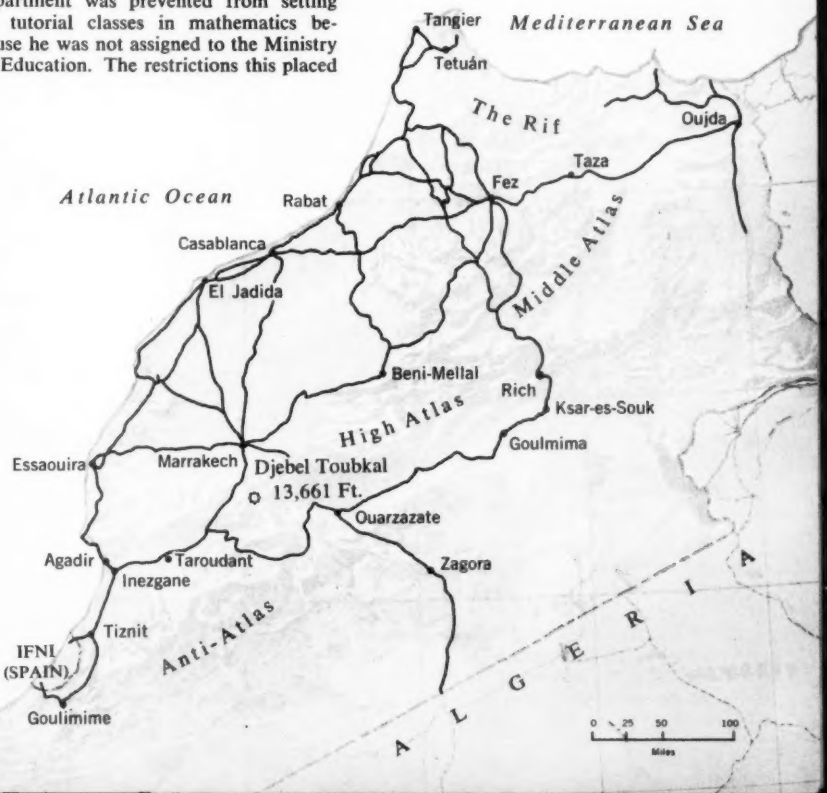
About the Country

Morocco, with a population of 12 million and a land area of 172,104 square miles (about the size of California, Maryland and Delaware combined), is bounded on the east and southeast by Algeria, on the north by the Mediterranean, on the south by Spanish Sahara, and on the west by the Atlantic. A constitutional monarchy since 1962, the country is governed by a dynasty dating from the mid-17th century. King Hassan II ascended the throne after the death of Mohammed V on Feb. 26, 1961. The country until 1956 had been for nearly 50 years a protectorate of France and Spain, and is still consolidating its independence. In May, 1963, a 144-member Parliament was formed by universal vote. About 40 of every 100 Moroccans are Arabs, 25 are Berbers, and 20 are Moors. There is a sizeable French, Jewish, and Spanish minority. Official religion is Islam. Although the official language is Arabic, Berber dialects are spoken by one-third of the population, and French and Spanish are still used extensively. Morocco's economy is primarily agricultural. Some 70 per cent of the people derive livings from the soil, producing cereals, citrus and other fruit, vegetables, olives, grapes, almonds, cork, fibers, and raising sheep and goats. The country has rich mineral deposits. Fisheries play an important role in the economy, as do textiles, cement, paint factories, tourism, and native handicrafts. Average annual income is about $150. Literacy rate is 20 per cent.

found themselves confined to regional offices where they were called upon to prepare unnecessarily detailed plans to exact specifications. Once the plans were completed they might wait for months until all the necessary approvals had been obtained and work could proceed.

Similarly, Volunteers had to contend with questions of jurisdiction. An English teacher couldn't organize basketball practice at his school, since sports were under a different ministry's jurisdiction. A Volunteer working with the forestry department was prevented from setting up tutorial classes in mathematics because he was not assigned to the Ministry of Education. The restrictions this placed on the Volunteer's extracurricular outlets are obvious.

These are the kinds of problems Volunteers still face in Morocco. To deal with the people they have come to serve, Volunteers must first adjust to the realities and mystique of a French-imposed system. There seems to be little scope within the system for independent action and improvisation. Whether it is in irri-



gation, English teaching, or physical education, methods seem overly formal and abstract for the real needs of the people. The fact that many Moroccans do not seem to question such methods, but accept them as facets of a technological superiority, discourages serious efforts to try more direct approaches or to seek more realistic solutions.

This makes Morocco a tough assignment, although not in the sense of physical hardship. The Volunteer needs continually to justify his presence and his efforts. He must have considerable self-discipline and perseverance if he is not to lose heart in his mission. For some Volunteers life is in fact too comfortable and it is easy to succumb to the amenities and conveniences which often surround them.

Accomplishment Hard to Measure

From all that has been said, it is obvious that Morocco is a difficult country in which to measure Peace Corps accomplishment. Nevertheless, the Peace Corps—or rather individual Peace Corps Volunteers—in a highly individualistic and personal society have exercised an important influence in their schools and communities, both in terms of practical results and psychological impact.

Volunteers have built canals and other irrigation works in the southern, desert provinces. They have surveyed forests and taught Moroccans the elements of surveying and mapping; they have fostered an interest in the English language and established important bonds of communication; they have organized sports tournaments; they have organized art and music classes and stimulated a popular interest in these fields.

The Peace Corps in Morocco cannot claim to be doubling school enrollment or poultry production, or stamping out illiteracy. Its success is the sum of the accomplishments of talented, dedicated, and self-disciplined Volunteers in the program.

Frederic C. Thomas Jr., a native of New York City, was Peace Corps Representative in Morocco until July, 1964, when he became Representative in Somalia, his current post. He holds a Harvard B.A. degree in international relations, granted in 1952, and studied for a year under a Fulbright Fellowship at the School for Oriental Studies in Cairo. He received a Ph.D. degree from the University of London following study in Chad, the Sudan, and Nigeria on the role of tribal authority and local government. After service as a consultant on Yemen with the Empire Trust Co. of New York, Thomas worked in Tripoli with Mobil Oil Co. of Canada, becoming a Peace Corps Operations Officer in 1961. He went to Morocco as Representative in November, 1962.

A Look to the Future

By William Thomas Carter

The conditions in a country that affect and determine the effectiveness of a Peace Corps program are rarely subject to dramatic overnight changes.

There have been some recent developments, however, which, though leaving the Peace Corps status in Morocco relatively unchanged, do suggest certain reasonable estimates about the future of the Peace Corps in the country.

There is, first, our own "growing up"—as in other countries, experience gained from past mistakes and invalid estimates will lead us progressively to tighter and better programming. Similarly, increased staff knowledge of the country's needs and of its operating procedures will enable us to estimate better the workability of a program even when it has been sincerely and strongly requested.

There is, secondly, the influence of the individual successes of Volunteers, an influence that takes time to spread and be reflected in Moroccan attitudes toward the Peace Corps presence and its potential. For example, two diverted irrigators, Alex Miller of Hackensack, Minn., and Duane Anderson of Moorehead, Minn., from Morocco I were retained to work as medical-laboratory technicians. Their job success led to the request for the recently arrived laboratory-technician project which has better prospects for success than did Morocco I. Volunteer Rudy D'Amico (Long Island City, N.Y.) in a few months has brought the Royal Army basketball team to the top of the national-championships league and will be accompanying the team to Italy for an international series. Similarly, Volunteer Bill Adams of Stanford, Calif., intensively coached the national swimming team and accompanied it to Tunisia for an international meet and a second-place victory. Now, the Minister of Youth and Sports, impressed with the triumphs of the Americans at the Tokyo Olympics, wants 24 more Volunteers like Rudy and Bill.

The outstanding English-teaching job done by some Morocco I and II Volunteers made it easier for us to ask for

Gordon Schimmel (Battle Creek, Mich.), Volunteer English teacher, helps adjust television spotlight in Rabat studio, where he worked summer evenings.

Curious Moroccan villagers and camel watch Bruce Bilyeu (Wols Point, Mont.), a Volunteer irrigation surveyor, work with a transit in a rural oasis.

full-fledged English-teaching assignments rather than assignments as "assistants."

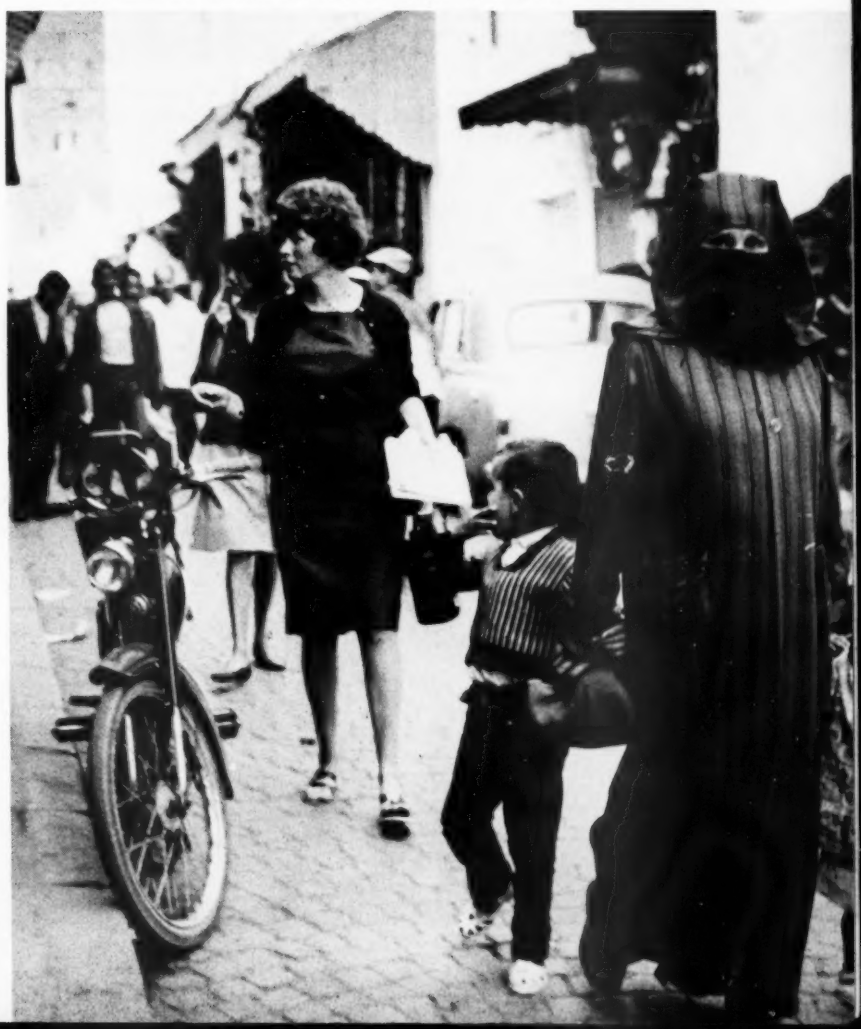
Some of the present Volunteer surveyors, despite the rough settling-in problems of their Morocco I predecessors, are now highly useful and fully employed hands in the Forestry Service and their superiors want more like them. The same thing can be said for individual Volunteers in all our projects, including the fine-arts area whose relative contribution to the country's development might otherwise be questioned.

Still another factor auguring significantly for the Peace Corps in Morocco is the prospect of decreasing French presence in the country. Due to an increasing Morocconizing of government functions and tougher currency controls, which make it extremely difficult to withdraw *dirhams* earned in Morocco, French technicians and teachers are finding service in the country less rewarding. These and other factors, both political and economic, have been sharply focused by the de Gaulle visit to South America and the French political decision to forge new economic and social ties there. It is widely believed here that this extension of French influence will be at the expense of French-speaking Africa, including especially North Africa.

Austerity Program

A final development which we feel may bear significantly on the future of the Peace Corps in Morocco is the recent inauguration of an austerity program in which most government ministries and services were ordered to reduce operating budgets by 13 per cent. Along similar lines, the government has just released a long list of items which may no longer be imported into the country. A balanced budget (the first since independence), a favorable trade balance,

Shopping in the **medina** of Rabat was part of daily life for Volunteer Maureen McManus (Gibson Is., Md.), who recently completed service as teacher.



and the strengthening of the *dirham* are the goals of the program.

All the above could strongly affect future Peace Corps programs in the country. Obviously, any withdrawal of French technical-assistance personnel in other areas, such as medical services, sports, or forestry service, could bring sound requests for more Peace Corps programs. Similarly, if the austerity decision holds firm, the use of Volunteers, where possible, would certainly involve less expenditure than that now required to compensate the expatriate Europeans and others.

In sum, our profit from past programming mistakes, greater acceptance through increased Volunteer successes, and the prospect of a decrease in the number and influence of French technical people in the country—all suggest the Peace Corps has a viable future in Morocco.

William Thomas Carter was appointed Peace Corps Representative in Morocco in August, 1964. He came to the Peace Corps in September, 1962, as an Operations Officer in the West Africa Operations office. A year later, he was named Deputy Representative in Senegal, where he served until accepting his Moroccan post. He received a B.A. degree in French from the University of Michigan in 1933, an M.A. in 1934, and a Ph.D. in 1941. From 1934 until 1962 he served as professor of French and chairman of the Foreign Language Department at Virginia State College in Petersburg, Va. A native of Norfolk, Va., he is married and has a son.

On the Cover

TOP—Skyline of Rabat, one of Morocco's four capital cities (the others: Fez, Marrakech, Meknès) and the seat of Moroccan government. In the southeastern part of the city are ruins dating to Phoenician times before birth of Christ; present city was founded in 12th century. From 1912-1956, Rabat was heaquarters for French. BOTTOM—Volunteer Bill Adams, who began Peace Corps service in Morocco as a basketball coach (see story at right) is now swimming coach in Rabat. Here he watches across pool as swimmers get off to a racing start. —Peace Corps photos by Paul Conklin.

Volunteer Virginia Wolfe (Cleveland, O.) uses Arabic to discuss sewing project with housewife attending summer classes at adult-education center.

A Tournament in Taza

By Bill Adams

Taza is a city of 5000 box-like homes and business establishments, and 35,000 people that occupy a valley between the Rif and Atlas mountains. It is part of the old French protectorate, capital of the province, and an occasional one-night stopover for tourists on their way to the larger center of Fez, 55 miles to the west. The city's *medina* was founded in 682 B.C. by a tribe of Berbers. They built their city on a plateau well above the valley floor so that they might better defend themselves. Over the centuries the Arabs have replaced the Berbers, rebuilt the city, and maintained fidelity to the king. From 1912 to 1956 Moroccans found themselves under a French protectorate. When the French arrived in Taza they built their own city, called Taza-bas, which lies below the old *medina*. The Taza-bas houses are large, white-and-gray structures of stone and earth separated from each other by stone walls. Taza-bas was molded in the old French manner, its homes less ostentatious and more compact than the Oriental monuments which are so striking to the tourist eye. The *medina*, however, consists of one- and two-story earth-and-stone structures plastered together in what seems a jumbled disorder. Unpaved, narrow streets wind haphazardly as they funnel the milling masses from dwellings to shops to mosques.

On one recent day, activities in the city were no different than usual. Donkeys and mules were struggling along under their loads with the occasional urging of a stick applied to the flank, or a sharp pointed object unceremoniously injected by an otherwise occupied Arab. Children, balancing wooden boards stacked with saucer-shaped bread loaves were on their way to the community ovens scattered throughout the *medina*. Occasionally one child would pause long enough to chuck a rock at an acquaintance or watch while others played a modified game of soccer with a rock or old tin can. A mile-and-a-half away, down the valley floor, the train from Rabat, 150 miles to the west, was pulling into the station. I stepped down from one of the second-class cars, rounded up my seven bags, and wondered where I should go first.

It was 8 a.m. when I walked into the *Circonscription de la Jeunesse et des Sports* (the headquarters for Youth and Sports of the province) in Taza-bas. A half hour later the director arrived, greeted me warmly, and hustled me off

Summer camp counselors Bill Hammat (cap) of Anaheim, Calif. and Bob Bartlett (light hair) of Salem, Ore., teach swimming in Atlantic surf near Rabat.

Jane Sturtevant (Bronxville, N.Y.) often teaches art outdoors. She also conducts classes for blind children in Rabat and is a decorating advisor.

for a tour of the city. My center of activities was to be in the old French city, principally inhabited by Moroccans. There was still a question as to what kind of work I would actually do. I was originally assigned to Taza as a swimming coach, but the season had ended, and with the passing of every day the mountain air, at 1800 feet above sea level, was becoming colder. I spent the first week unpacking, talking with *La Jeunesse* people, and walking around the old and new cities. Within two weeks after my arrival I was the coach of the town's basketball team. Three months later I was giving English instruction at the local military base and at the *La Jeunesse* center. And in early June, eight months since I'd come from Rabat, I had held five different jobs, seen two major project ideas sprout only to be nipped in the bud, and had one project develop into what could be considered a semi-success.

A Five-Week Tournament

In March, we organized an intracity basketball tournament with the aid of the *La Jeunesse* officials and the Sporting Club of Taza. The tournament, lasting five weeks, was organized on an occupational basis (school teachers in one team, military personnel in another, government employees in a third, and so forth). We had city-wide publicity in the form of printed posters. Proceeds, earned from an entrance fee charged to players and spectators, were given to help in the construction of a community building for the poor.

For an observer, the tournament went

off without a hitch. What went into its making, however, was instructive.

In early January I sent up the first of several trial balloons. I asked the president of the Sporting Club if there were many basketbal players in the city who were not members of the club, and therefore not participating.

"Oh, yes," he said. "There are quite a few."

I probed on, trying to see what he would think of forming several teams within the city, "to try and pick up the interest in basketball."

There was no hesitation in his reply: *"Pas possible."*

Several days later I made another try, this time with the director of *La Jeunesse*. "There certainly are a lot of interested basketball players around Taza, aren't there?" I asked. And after an affirmative reply, continued, "Would it be possible to form several teams and hold a tournament?"

At first I wasn't sure if he had understood my French. His reply was slow in coming: "Yes, that's a good idea."

I asked him what I should do about the organization of the basketball tournament and all the details. *"Demain, inchala"* ("tomorrow, Allah willing"), he said.

A month later, I requested a meeting with the Sporting Club and *La Jeunesse* officials. After the unsuccessful launching of my trial balloons, I had spent the time signing up 52 players, getting a trophy contributed by the Moroccan Coca-Cola representative in Oujda (a city 125 miles to the east), and enlisted the services of two other Volunteers, John Taylor (Rosemont, Pa.) and Ken Dethman (The Dalles, Ore.), who had offered to fill in as player and official scorekeeper. When I presented these *faits accomplis* to the committee, the idea of a tournament was, after some expressed pessimism, accepted.

Waiting for the Players

For the next eight weeks it was simply a matter of alerting the players, making posters, alerting the players, repairing the court, alerting the players, setting up chairs, and waiting for the players, who were often 45 minutes late for a game.

After one round of games had been played, we realized a serious mistake had been made. We were offering a medal for the high scorer of the tournament. The result was everyone shooting, no one passing. Another meeting was scheduled with the five team captains, the director of *La Jeunesse*, and myself. We decided to purchase seven additional medals (from our receipt money) and present them to the players demonstrating the greatest all-round skill and sportsmanship.

The spectators were pleased and as the tournament progressed the crowds grew larger. At one time we had 500 spectators, one of the largest crowds ever to attend a basketball game in Taza. The battle for first place, between an all-Moroccan and an all-French team, grew hot and heavy. When the final whistle blew the Moroccans were victorious. Awards were presented by the *pasha* (mayor), and everyone retired to the *La Jeunesse* center for mint tea and cookies.

There is talk of repeating the tournament next year.

Clem Metzger (Leipsic, O.), who has since completed service, worked with a poultry project and as irrigation specialist in Sahara region.

Bill Adams (Stanford, Calif.) has worked as a swimming and diving instructor and coach. He received a B.A. degree in economics from Stanford University in 1963. During the academic year of 1961-62, Adams participated in the Stanford-in-France program and studied French at the Alliance Français *in Paris.*

Teacher Wore Funny Shoes

By Nancy Galvin Petty

We Volunteer women have a distinct advantage. The men are limited for the most part to getting to know male Moroccans. They know Moroccan girls only through the man's ideas on them, or from classroom situations. What they see—giggles, fierce outbursts of temper, or timidity in front of boys—are misleading guide signs to the more vital personalities revealed at home.

There have been days when, after two hours around a mint-tea pot with the women and some boring conversation, I have wished I were a man and away from the women. But more often than not, it's been interesting.

That Moroccan girls are shy is a myth. Among themselves they are exuberant, and frank, openly discussing their children, their husbands, and themselves.

If you were to look in on a typical all-girls English class, such as one of mine at Collège Abouchaib Doukkali, you would see some of this tea-time chatter. In response to teacher's question, "Who's fat?" (to which I expect the answer, "Bob's fat," Bob being a carefully-drawn textbook figure contrasted with thin Fred), I am told "Zineb's very fat"—and Zineb is truly the fat girl of the class. Most American girls of their age (14-17) would, I think, carefully avoid such a direct, personal answer. I also get comments such as "The teacher's wearing funny shoes." I don't take this as disrespect, as I have often heard them say such things to their mothers at home and know full well they would say it to another girl if they thought she had funny shoes.

Sometimes, however, I do wonder if I have been too lax. I have more discipline problems with them than I do with my lycée students, whom I know strictly on a teacher-student basis in the classroom. But despite discipline problems, it seems worth it. The oral-

Using pictures to encourage English response is Liza Betts (Scotia, N.Y.), who graduated in 1963 with a B.A. in English from Wells College, Aurora, N.Y.

Berber tribesmen gallop across the desert shooting ancient muskets, exhibiting equestrian skills in a holiday **fantasia.**

Nancy Galvin Petty (lower left) talks with first-year English students at Collège Abouchaib Doukkali in El Jadida.

teaching methods are well-suited to Moroccan girls; they love to chatter. My main problem is in keeping them all from screaming out the answers at once during individual drill. Their noisy enthusiasm is worth it, too, from the view that they are speaking English—and the majority of them can speak it better after a year than can my formal, inhibited lycée students in two years. Since these younger girls are still groping to read, speak, and translate French, they settle for just speaking English. Most of them don't study much, in the knowledge that English is not always obligatory on their national exams—but they love English class; it's such a wonderful gab session.

Also, they haven't had many foreigners to their homes. They like to have an American girl they can invite and "show off." They also love the opportunity of showing their families and relatives they can really speak another language—this is a country where the gift of the tongue is praised.

Quite different is the situation at my primary assignment, the lycée, where I also live. It's a mixed school, French and Moroccan, girls and boys, and has the reputation of being the best school in El Jadida, a city of 40,000. Here I am an assistant in the English department. It's quite dull. I would like to be used as a conversation teacher with small groups, but as the students don't have enough free hours, I must take an hour here and there from the time of other teachers. I work with students on pronunciation, but am restricted to their teacher's lesson plans; my imagination is held in check, and in truth, the school doesn't really need me. There are already two other native speakers on the staff, but the school is a prestigious one and gets all the English teachers it requests.

In being at the lycée I am benefiting, however, in having first-hand experience with wealthy Moroccan and French students. The school is a holdover of the days when Morocco was a protectorate of France. Few Moroccans here study for the country's national baccalaureate examination; it's the French 'bac' that counts, and the Moroccan students who study for the national 'bac' are looked down upon not only by the French but also by wealthy Moroccan students who study for the French exam. The French program gets the most-qualified teachers, and other amenities such as audio-visual equipment. The Moroccan program is shorter by a year, and was designed to accelerate the supply of educated citizens. But most government posts and other prestigious positions still go to holders of the French 'bac.' With the two courses offered side-by-side in school such as the lycée, there is a real motivational problem.

At the lycée there is much that is reminiscent of the less desirable aspects of American high schools—girls interested mainly in clothes and boys in athletics. The city offers at least one good conference, play, or film each week, but sponsors are struggling to meet expenses and face demands by artists for larger audiences. The lycée students prefer their weekly *surprise partie*. Other high schools, smaller and all-Moroccan, support these French-organized cultural activities shunned by the privileged French and Moroccan lycée students.

But it is the lycée, somehow, with its absence of traditionalism, which is more representative of the outward appearance of El Jadida. Like many other coastal towns, it isn't typically Moroccan in appearance. Even in the *medina* the streets are relatively wide and houses can breathe. Here there are none of the narrow alleys of Fez, nor intriguing *souks* of Marrakech. Nor does it share the intense spring and summer heat of other Moroccan towns—it has a damp but pleasant coastal climate. Also unusual is the fact that it has no local craft for which it is known. Tourists go to Safi for pottery, Marrakech for rugs, and the south for silver and amber, but they come to El Jadida to relax; it's a resort town. There is enough of historic interest to make it a tourist stop—the old, walled Portuguese city founded in 1502 and held by the Portuguese until 1569 is one attraction, with its eerie cistern, Baroque churches, ramparts, and Inquisition building—but most people come to enjoy the mile-long beach, to water ski, go to the race track, or simply to repose at a large, modern hotel or one of several small hotels.

The Jdidiis prosper on this kind of tourist trade. Since 1912, when the huge artificial port was begun at Casablanca, 55 miles up the coast, shipping has all but ceased to be a major activity here. For the most part, Jdidiis are members of the Doukkala tribe, known for their independence and initiative. They have done well since Casablanca robbed them of their importance as a port town; those who are not involved in servicing the tourist traffic are in education or government bureaus, or work for a chemical plant which makes products from algae, or for a local clothing factory. It's a middle-class town, with little apparent poverty.

And in some ways, it's frustrating to be a Volunteer in such a place. There seems to be a great deal of community spirit, and most community programs fare well—sports, health, a women's cooperative, a child-care clinic. Aside from replacing a social worker during her summer vacation, I'm hard put to find a niche where I can be of real assistance other than in my primary job, teaching, and working with English and UNESCO clubs.

This being the case, I now look on attendance at informal teas as worthy activity. They take up a good deal of time, but I learn as much as I give, especially when I'm with my town favorites, the traditional girls from Collège Abouchaib Doukkali.

Nancy Galvin Petty recently extended her Peace Corps service for one year, following her marriage last August to Volunteer Barrett Petty (Sherborn, Mass.), who went to Morocco in September, 1963, as an art instructor. Mrs. Petty is from Charlestown, Mass., and was granted a B.A. in psychology from Vassar College in June, 1961. She has attended the Art Students League and the New School for Social Research in New York City, and before joining the Peace Corps worked as an advertising-copy writer for a New York City department store.

Physical-education teacher Mike Smith (Queens, N.Y.) kneels to point out correct wrestling holds to students. He is a graduate of Howard University.

The Beyd

By Don Brown

Language is a problem newcomers face when they come to Morocco. In the region around Oujda, a city of 140,000 people in the northeast near the Algerian frontier, not only Arabic, the official national language, but French, Spanish, and various Berber dialects are widely spoken. To meet this multilingual challenge, I have devised my own language, a mix of pantomime and charade. It has proven useful, but also placed me in some ridiculous situations.

One day soon after I arrived in Morocco, I was driving in the *bled* (countryside) and stopped at the village of Debdou, 90 miles southwest of Oujda, to buy some eggs. As I walked through the *souk* (market) I looked at the merchants standing or sitting around, their wares spread out on the ground before them. Not seeing any eggs, I approached a man standing nearby and asked *"fayn?"* (where) while cupping my hands in the shape of an egg and simulating the act of eating. My performance immediately drew a small crowd. One man decided he knew what I wanted and ran to the other end of the *souk*, bringing back some small, yellow prunes. Shaking my head "no," I tried again by taking a stick and drawing on the ground a large chicken with an egg underneath. The assembled onlookers studied the drawing, but not everyone saw the same thing. Those who saw it upsidedown saw something quite different from the people standing near me who saw it upright. Two men started arguing over the picture and were soon

and I

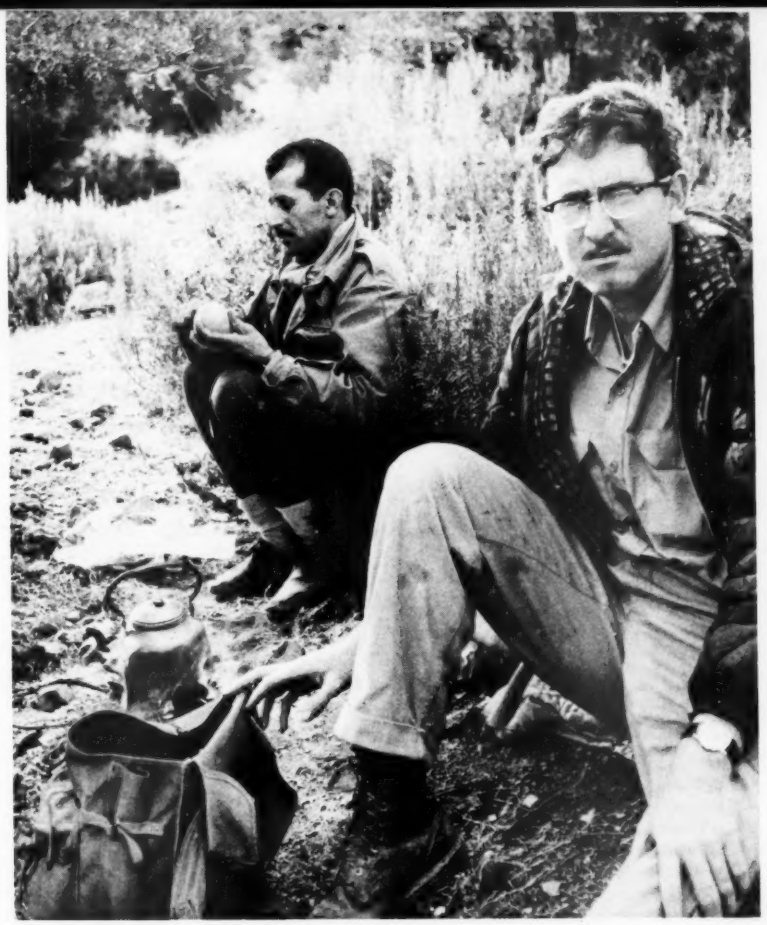
yelling at each other in Arabic. An old man joined the fray acting as mediator, adding another voice to the din. Following this "discussion" they decided they knew what the now bewildered *merikany* (American) wanted, and sent a small boy scurrying into the village. About 10 minutes later, he returned holding by the legs a live and ruffled turkey that was nearly as large as the boy himself.

'Gobble-gobble-gobble'

At that point I wished I'd stayed in the jeep. I decided to make one last effort. I pointed at the turkey and went "gobble-gobble-gobble." Then I pointed to my chicken drawing and said "ack-kack-kack-kack." This dramatic effort was met with a dumbfounded silence. After a long pause, a young boy stepped forward, and pointing at the turkey, went "gobble-gobble-gobble," then pointing at my drawing, "ack-kack-kack-kack."

"Yah! Yah!," I encouraged. Then everyone wanted to get in the act, but fortunately, before complete pandemonium broke out, I spotted a merchant coming into the *souk* with several live chickens and a wire basket full of eggs. I went over and held one up triumphantly. "Ah!," chorused my audience, *"Beyd! Beyd!"*

By the time the tale was retold several times, someone had brought a pot of mint tea to celebrate my purchase.



On a surveying trip into the northeastern region of Morocco, Volunteer Don Brown (Bremerton, Wash.), right, and co-worker stop for a trail lunch.

Dodging donkeys and pedestrians, Joan Cornwell of La Jolla, Calif., maneuvers her bicycle through the **souk** (market) of Taroudant, enroute to school and her English classes.

French-speaking Moroccan students enact English lessons in classes taught by Volunteer Martha Horsley of Richmond, Va. She has French degree from Bryn Mawr (Pa.) College.

I tarried another half hour drinking tea with my patient interpreters, contemplating my six eggs and the delicate nuances of symbols required—but all too often taken for granted—in human communication.

Donald Brown (Bremerton, Wash.) received a B.S. in horticulture in 1962 from Washington State University. He has worked in his father's flower shop and nursery in Bremerton, taught photography to high school students, and worked as a surveyor.

What They're Doing

The 102 Volunteers currently in Morocco are working in the following areas:

	Men	Women
Home economics teaching	—	25
PE/English teaching	22	18
Athletic coaching	8	—
Art, music, and drama teaching	4	9
Surveying	10	—
English translation (Office of Tourism)	1	—
Entomology (Institute of Science)	1	—
Laboratory technician	1	—
Health and social work	—	2
Secretary	—	1
TOTAL	47	55

In addition, some 29 laboratory-technician Volunteers will take up duties this month in hospitals and clinics throughout Morocco.

Meeting postman, Joan Cornwell signs for registered letter. Besides teaching duties, she has worked in pediatrics at town hospital.

Father and son pose in **bidonville** (slum) outside Rabat.

Alex Miller (Hackensack, Minn.) watches as Andy Anderson (Moorehead, Minn.) prepares a report. Both Volunteers are working as lab technicians.

Volunteer Jim Brand (Naples, N.Y.) held regular English classes and special tutorial sessions for Moroccans going to the U.S.

By irrigation damsite are (upper left) Martin Jolles (Ithaca, N.Y.), Lee McMurray (Kelso, Wash.), and Doyle Caperton (Rivera, Tex.)

High in Morocco's wintry Moyen Atlas mountains, Paul Fine strums his banjo near an isolated forestry cabin.

'The Slave of the Mosquito'

By Paul Fine

A year ago last October, a waters-and-forests-ministry jeep taxied me up a long mountain draw gouged into the southern extremity of the Moyen Atlas Mountains, unloaded my gear beside a quiet forest outpost, and departed. My Peace Corps assignment began on a limbo pillow; for rain, snow, feasts, and forest fires followed my arrival, dutifully and in order—leaving the Job always close enough around the corner to make precarious any large distant projects, but nevertheless sufficiently out of reach to demand some sort of calisthentics to stave off death by stagnation.

Perhaps the toad that extended the first welcome wasn't necessary to turn my imagination towards natural history, but it helped. For my bungalow soon became littered with innumerable oddities: snakeskins, cedar cones, jackal skulls, cocoons, pickled lizards—a confused potpourri. And insects, because of their ease of collection and preservation, were a consistent harvest.

The amusement blossomed. Early in the spring, after a month of sending mosquito larvae to the national entomology laboratory in Rabat (several Volunteers have been contributing specimens in an effort to aid the World Health Organization's antimalaria campaign), word trickled back that a relatively rare species, one not included in the Scientific Institute's collections, was apparently congregated near my mountain post. Having already raised an adult generation of this mosquito, I had an opportunity to present some of my furniture to the Institute. Numerous specimens joined the national collections, and, one, a rather awkward-looking beetle, became my namesake.

Back at my forest post during the spring and summer, surveying was done in fragments between feasts and tea. My undisguised interest in the *Aedes* mosquitoes of the cedar forest amused Arab and Berber companions, to whom I soon became known as *abd namus*, "the slave of the mosquito." And my reputation spread, until scarcely a day passed but some urchin would wander to my door, clutching some pathetically-mangled insect, proudly exclaiming "*hasharats!*" (bug), as he donated the thoughtful gift. And a little fellow who was a crack slingshot shooter allied himself to the cause—butterflies were thoroughly rent by his mode of capture, though the lizards he caught were a welcome addition.

But the tape which encumbered the forestry administration in that region was incredibly red, absurdly long. As incessant proddings for valid projects brought no results, it became more and more obvious that significant contributions as a surveyor at that post were little more than misty theory. A vacancy existed in the Rabat entomology laboratory, and in September, the move was made.

Paul Fine, a native of Princeton, N.J., has had farming and irrigation experience in Nevada and Montana. He was a biology major at Princeton University

From TEFL to MEFL

While Peace Corps Volunteers are engaged in Teaching English as a Foreign Language in remote corners of the world, staff members, with equal diligence, are engaged in Murdering English as a First Language in Washington. The impenetrability index of government reports and memoranda has reached such a level of density that special aptitude tests may soon be necessary for prospective staff members. Recent reading, and phrases recklessly strewn about at staff meetings, suggest the test might look like this:

I. Use each of the following phrases in a sentence that will give no clue to its meaning:

1. culture-contact situations
2. creativity quotient
3. various variables
4. memory bridge
5. quasi-drone
6. interlocking intervention
7. intercultural community-development.
8. in-house
9. on-going
10. phase-in
11. phase-out
12. goal-realization

II. Match the expressions in Column 1 with those in Column 2:

Column 1

patent positive factor
countervailing consideration
staged-process of community development
micro-economics
apperceptive mass
planning component
surface-depth continuum

Column 2

the frame of contrastive study
semi-industralized realities
classical economic model-building
contextual map
useful dimension
cognitive structure
felt-needs

III. Write a memorandum on *one* of the following topics:

a) "All the Buffalo on the Plains of Progress Have Not Yet Been Shot."
b) "No Super-Ego Applies to All."
c) "Is Cognitive Dissonance Acoustically Transparent or Merely a Harmonic Non-Sequitur?"

"With the foreground of the setting," as someone around here once said, it is even more disturbing to find that Volunteers are turning to MEFL, though perhaps they feel that this is the only medium in which they can communicate with the staff. One community-development worker describes his job as "Solid-based representative fabric of foundation democracy having its ordering principle rooted in the motifs of individual liberty, freedom, the pluralism of ideas, and happiness." Or to quote an earlier phrasemaker named Shakespeare: "Zounds! I was never so bethump'd with words."

—*Reprinted from* Staffletter, *a publication which appears sporadically at the Peace Corps in Washington.*

Recipes Wanted

Volunteers are invited to submit favorite host-country recipes, anecdotes, and photographs for a new Peace Corps recipe book being compiled by the Division of Public Information at the Peace Corps in Washington, for distribution to the public as well as to Volunteers.

Recipes should explain foreign measures and ingredients and give common American substitutes, if possible. Ideas and recipes for typical daily meal menus, snack treats, feast and party foods can be included.

Anecdotes might describe shopping, cooking and serving experience, and the origin of the recipe. Accompanying photographs could illustrate local markets, homes and kitchens, cooking hints, finished dishes, and serving ideas.

Deadline for receiving material is Mar. 15. Recipes may be sent to Peace Corps Representatives for mailing to Washington.

A Song of CD

While others stride across the pages
Of the PEACE CORPS VOLUNTEER,
I sit in my slum and try
To change an attitude this year.

Roads are being built I know
In *barrios* across the land.
Water pipes and progress go,
Marching onward hand in hand.

My slum and I brood quietly
And from a jealous eye,
We watch the path of self-help
And the projects going by.

Oh, how I wish that just like them
My slum and I would forge ahead.
Alas the day has not yet come
When I can lead, my slum be led.

And so I fret and worry and frown
Hoping soon a success I'll be;
A true Community Developer
With a real live *developed* Community.

—Anon, reprinted from the *Dominican Republic Peace Corps Newsletter.*

Career Opportunities

Post-service career opportunities for returning Volunteers are listed in the monthly bulletin of the Peace Corps Volunteer Career Information Service. Volunteers in their last year of service have been asked to send in registration cards (available from Representatives) in order to obtain individual assistance. Inquiries should be addressed to CIS, Division of Volunteer Support, Peace Corps, Washington, D. C. 20525. Following is a selection from the current Career Opportunities Bulletin, which should be consulted for complete listings:

Government

Agency for International Development, Far East Division, is accepting applications for rural-development positions in northeast Thailand. The ten-month U.S. training program is scheduled to begin this month. Interested Volunteers should inquire immediately. The rural-development program will include civil engineers, agriculture-extension workers, rural-youth advisers, and community-development advisers. Although there is no specific language requirement, an acceptable score on a Foreign Service Institute-administered language aptitude test is required. Knowledge of Thai is desirable. Apply to Samuel J. Simpson, Agency for International Development, Far East Division, Room 4639, New State Department Building, 23rd and C Streets, W.W., Washington, D.C.

U.S. Army Engineer District of St. Louis would like Volunteers to apply for positions as professional engineers, engineering aids, draftsmen, and technicians. Salaries range from $4800 to $8945. The work programs include extensive planning, engineering, and construction activities within an area of 26,000 square miles. For further information write to R. J. Maxwell, Personnel Officer, U.S. Army Engineer District, St. Louis, Corps of Engineers, 906 Olive Street, St. Louis, Mo. 63101.

The District of Columbia Department of Public Health is accepting applications for public-health nurses, physical therapists for adults, occupational therapists for crippled children, a public-information specialist, public health educators with a master's degree in public health, and chemists with a background of work with radioactive materials. Applications for these and other medical and non-medical positions may be directed to Gerald G. Gerard, Recruiting Officer, D.C. Department of Public Health, Room 315, 451 Indiana Ave., N.W., Washington, D.C.

Education

Hunter College School of Social Work offers a tuition scholarship to a qualified returning Volunteer in professional social-work education leading to a master-of-social-work degree. Application deadline is May 3. For applications and information write to School of Social Work, Hunter College, 695 Park Ave., New York 21, N.Y.

Yeshiva University, Graduate School of Education, has four fellowships of $2400 each, for returning Peace Corps Volunteers, for full-time doctoral study in the department of psychology (clinical, experimental, and social personality), special education (mental retardation, emotional disturbance, remedial education), or curriculum and instruction (administration or supervision compensatory education). New York State residents may also qualify for grants. Full-time students not awarded fellowships may qualify for awards, grants, and loans. Volunteers with teaching experience may receive student-teaching credit, grants, and loans in elementary or secondary teacher-training programs. Write to Dean of Admissions, Yeshiva University, Graduate School of Education, 110 W. 57th St., New York, N.Y. 10019. For details of departmental programs write to department chairmen.

Smith College School for Social Work, open to men and women, offers a master's curriculum preparing graduates as social case-workers. Scholarships are available. For further information write Howard J. Parad, Director, Smith College School for Social Work, Northampton, Mass.

Pendle Hill, a center for study and contemplation operated by members of the Religious Society of Friends, welcomes applications from Paece Corps Volunteers and offers scholarship help. No credits or degrees are given. Write to Dan Wilson, Director, Pendle Hill, Wallingford, Pa.

The Unitarian Universalist Assn. will assist returning Volunteers to prepare for careers in the Unitarian Universalist ministry. Two $1200 scholarships are offered. The Stevens Fellowship Committee of the association offers a returning Volunteer a $2000 fellowship. For further information and application write to the Rev. John W. Brigham, Dept. of the Ministry, Unitarian Universalist Assn., 25 Beacon St., Boston 8, Mass.

Reed College, Portland, Ore. has one full-tuition scholarship of $1700 for a Volunteer admitted to the master-of-arts-in-teaching program for 1965-66. This secondary-level MAT intern program is for liberal-arts graduates without prior preparation in education, wishing to enter secondary education. Interns receive a salary from the Portland Public Schools. Application deadline is March 1. Write to Director, MAT Program, Reed College, Portland, Ore. 97202.

Indiana University announces an increase in the number of graduate fellowships available to Volunteers in the 1965-66 academic year. Eight awards of $2000 each are offered for one year of graduate work in any field. Preference will be given to Volunteers interested in teaching careers. The competition will close Feb. 15, and awards will be announced in April. Inquiries should be directed to J. W. Ashton, Dean, Office of Graduate Development, Indiana University, 315 Bryan Hall, Bloomington, Ind.

Teaching

Rochester, N.Y., City School District seeks qualified teachers to begin in February and September. Volunteers should apply. By Feb. 1, teachers will be needed in mathematics, science, art, girls physical-education, and business education at secondary levels. For elementary levels, openings will be in kindergarten, grades 1-7, and special classes for conversation, speech, and hearing therapy. More than 350 additional opportunities are anticipated for September. Direct inquiries to Norman A. Burgess, Senior Consultant, Teacher Personnel, City School District, 13 Fitzhugh St. South, Rochester, N.Y. 14614.

Alaska Methodist University, Anchorage, announces three faculty positions available Sept. 1, in mathematics, music, and sociology or anthropology. Each carries a teaching load of three four-credit courses. Additional information is available through O. W. Frost, Dean, Alaska Methodist University, Anchorage, Alaska 99504.

State of North Carolina Advancement School has two openings for resident counselors and is also seeking language arts teachers with experience in U.S. schools. The Advancement School offers remedial reading to eighth graders who spend three months at the school. Each counselor is responsible for 40-45 young men and may also teach or coach. Salaries will start at $5000 plus room and board for a single man, $6000 for married couples. Interested Volunteers should write Gordon McAndrew, Director, North Carolina Advancement School, Winston-Salem, N.C.

Business

Durametallic Corporation, Kalamazoo, Mich., has a staff opening in its home office dealing with European export and marketing program, and is opening a base office in Frankfurt, West Germany, this winter. Volunteers with engineering or technical education are preferred. Apply to R. van Blaricom, Vice President, Durametallic Corporation, 2104 Factory St., Kalamazoo, Mich. 49001.

Walter Steopelwerth, Inc., a home remodelling firm of Rockville, Md., wants applications from former Volunteers who have a knowledge of engineering, home construction, and business, for two sales positions. Salesmen work directly with home owners in designing as well as selling plans. Starting salary is from $5200 to $7200. For additional information write Walter Steopelwerth, Walter Steopelwerth Inc., 1042 East Montgomery Ave., Rockville, Md.

Other

Pine Ridge Indian Reservation of the Oglala Sioux Tribe is developing a program to improve the physical, mental, and educational level of its members. Community-action projects will present opportunities for returning Volunteers in the areas of health education and nursing, nursery-school teaching, direction of a day care center, community development, and agriculture. Pine Ridge Reservation in South Dakota is the second largest reservation in the U.S., with 10,000 people in an area of 50 by 125 miles; 40 per cent are unemployed and overall educational-level is 7.5 years of schooling. Direct inquiries to Enos Poor Bear, President, Oglala Sioux Tribe, Pine Ridge, S.D.

International House of Rhode Island, Inc., Providence, is seeking a full-time Executive Director to be responsible for the programming, maintenance, and staff of the House. Volunteers with college degrees and supervisory skills, plus an interest in foreign students are invited to apply by March. A single or married director without children would have the option of a free room in the house. Starting salary is $6000-$6500. Volunteers may address inquiries to Personnel Committee, International House, 336 Benefit Street, Providence, R.I.

Westminster Neighborhood House, Buffalo, N.Y., wants a director to be responsible for the administration of the house and, during the summer, its Camp at Angola, N.Y. A man or woman with a master's degree in social work and two years of professional experience is eligible to apply. Salary is $8000 and residence adjoining the house. Vacation is one month per year. Westminster House is owned and supported by Westminster Presbyterian Church. Write to Gust F. Jahnke, Westminster Church, 724 Delaware Ave., Buffalo 9, N.Y.

Nations Incorporated, Berkeley, Calif., is accepting applications for the full-time position of director of educational programs and for program directors of Africa, Asia, and Latin America three-week summer seminars held near San Francisco. Nations Incorporated is a program which provides education in the customs and culture of emerging nations for American high-school youth. Applicants for regional directors must have secondary-school teaching experience, experience in the area to be studied, should reside in the San Francisco Bay region, and be 25 to 35 years old. The director works with summer faculty and throughout the year directs an educational program involving conferences and communication with high-school faculty and students. Requirements for director include a Ph.D., some business experience, student activities and organizational experience, skills in writing and public speaking, and leadership ability. Travel experience is desired, preferred age is from 35 to 50, and starting salary is $1250 per month, plus expenses. Apply to Franklyn M. Barnett, Executive Director, Nations Inc., 2126 McKinley St., Berkeley 3, Calif.

Waiting for a high one are volleyball players coached by Volunteer Janet Marriott, who teaches physical education at Sumve, Tanzania; she is from Buffalo, N. Y., and is a June, 1963, graduate in education from D'Youville College in Buffalo.

'The Parent Learns Too'

Last August, Sarah L. Cooper went to Thailand to visit her daughter, Peace Corps Volunteer Martha Cooper, who has been a teacher there since June, 1963. Mrs. Cooper is an English and journalism instructor in a Baltimore high school. Martha Cooper is a 1963 graduate of Grinnell (Ia.) College, with a B.A. in art. She was transferred recently and is now teaching in a small school near Chiangrai, in the far north of Thailand.

By Sarah L. Cooper

The parent who visits a Peace Corps Volunteer in some far-flung spot of the globe reacts in many ways like a Volunteer. At least, I did. In spite of letters received for over a year, there existed in my mind an idealized version of the location, the job, and the people among whom my daughter was working. I reversed the procedure of traveling home slowly which she plans and made my way to Thailand by stages that carried me, among other places, through London, Paris, Rome, and Athens. In each city there was much to see and admire—art and architecture, famous monuments, roots of our Western culture as well as modern contributions. From Athens I flew to Bangkok and another world.

In my mind's eye was a version of exotic beauty. Travel folders all show gorgeous pictures of gold-tipped temples, elaborately dressed dancers, fantastic celebrations. What I saw was a large, sprawling, unplanned city with scum-covered canals, shabby buildings, dusty streets, and unbelievable traffic moving noisily along in a steamy atmosphere. My daughter met me in Bangkok, and we traveled together to Udon, a town 300 miles to the northeast near the Laos frontier and not far from Vientiane, across the Mekong River. Udon was a relief after Bangkok. It has no tourists, no fine shops, and one might have said no Western influence if it were not for its newly enlarged airstrip and the American flyers stationed there. Even so, it is a completely Thai town.

Rice fields surround it. Now, in the rainy season, the canals are filling up and the young rice-shoots are green. Children and adults push the canal scum aside and fish with small net on poles, or with seines which they cast, or with large nets which they dip. They put the fish in baskets slung across their backs. Water buffaloes graze along the sides of the roads. The *samlors* (little carriages drawn by men on bicycles) move up and down the streets. Women carry produce to the market in counterbalancing baskets attached to the ends of a pole which they place across their shoulders. Men push handcarts bearing oil-cans full of water, meats, coconuts, and bananas.

Small shops open directly on the streets, and in their doorways children squat and play. Families sit in the same shop doorways, chop up vegetables, fry bananas over small charcoal stoves, and seem to be eating constantly. The houses are built on stilts. One can look right into the upper rooms and see the life of the family—washing, cooking, eating, and sleeping—going on with apparently no need for privacy.

These are busy people. They get up at dawn to begin their day. They laugh a lot. One rarely hears a child cry. The *samlor* driver laughs as he bargains over how much he will charge—one baht or two (5 or 10 cents) for a particular ride. A man will laugh again if one falls off a bicycle, misses a train, or fails to find a doctor in his office. No one hurries; no one worries. "It does not matter," they say in answer to any situation.

All these things I had an opportunity to observe for myself. It is easy to understand then why the Peace Corps Volunteers stationed in such places as Udon have a certain sense of frustration. At present there are two Volunteers in Udon, one in a girls' school, one at a teachers' college. My daughter is fortunate in having a little house of her own close to her school. From one window she can see the girls in their neat uniforms walking toward the school in the morning. Her back window overlooks a rice field and a pond where little boys splash happily during the day.

How does she feel about her work now that she has been at it for a year and a half? There are the usual complaints and doubts which beset all teachers at times. Students may be apathetic, uninterested, slow, or difficult. Progress is hard to measure. Assignments are ignored, or poorly prepared. Some dissatisfactions are more particularly Thai. The school spends much time on what we would consider nonessentials. There seems to be more emphasis on show

Sarah L. Cooper, left, and daughter Martha with Vietnamese friends they met during summer vacation tour to Saigon.

In rural town of Udon where she taught English classes, Martha Cooper helps a Thai youngster retrieve an errant chicken.

than on comprehension. When examination time comes, there will be some students who cannot answer the first question; yet they have been present in the classroom all year. The pupils want the American teacher to sing popular songs, to dress beautifully, to show them dance steps. They do not want to work. English is a difficult language. When will they use it?

Besides these occupational difficulties, there are problems in living as the Thais do. In spite of screens, a recent addition to one room, lizards will get in. A frog lives in her bathroom drainpipe. Bathing is from a Shanjhai jar. There is no hot water and no good drinking water. Rice can become monotonous, and it is the staple diet. There is practically no social life, few amusements, and difficult transportation. Bangkok is a 14-hour train ride away. Commercial planes using the Udon airfield are expensive for a Peace Corps budget.

Nevertheless, there are small satisfactions. In limited English her pupils expressed their feelings. "I think you my best teacher," said one. "I would like you teach me another year." At the end of that year the pupil was to go to Bangkok for pre-university training.

"I think you proud of daughter," said a second.

"Everybody loves she," said a teacher, hunting for words. If one purpose of the Peace Corps is to establish good rapport with the people of the locality, then in this area, at least, there has been success. My daughter now speaks the language readily, and she and her pupils can carry on lively conversations. She enters in to the game of bargaining with *samlor* drivers and market women.

"No profit, no package," said a little Thai lady, handing over an unwrapped child's dress we had just bought after a typical bit of dickering over price. I met students, teachers, principals, and parents, all of whom showed clearly in thoughtful attentions, kind statements, and little gifts their feelings that my daughter had made a contribution to their school—not a dramatic one, to be sure, but a useful one.

According to their personalities and abilities, most Volunteers must feel the same doubts, aloneness, and separateness, and experience strange foods, and even stranger plumbing. And they wind up speaking a foreign language, knowing a distant part of the globe as they may never have known their own country, aware as they have never been before of all the elements that go into the composition of a developing nation.

The visiting parent learns too.

Wearing wrap-around skirts and American-style blouses, young Thai students in Udon model new clothes they resourcefully copied (sans pattern) from Volunteer Cooper's Western outfits.

Martha Cooper, a photo hobbyist, posed Thai monks in traditional saffron robes behind students in American attire.

Two Views

(Continued from page 2)

Another President, Lyndon Baines Johnson, has now made him the field generalissimo, so to speak, of the "war on poverty." Many observers, knowing that, although they favor balancing the national budget, they are occasionally unable to balance their own, are making crocodile faces at the antipoverty venture.

Because Mr. Shriver is so much on view these days, it is useful to have this collection of his talks and papers. This narrative displays his eloquent capacity for lighting the noisy establishments of gloom and dispair.

"Life," he recalls Justice Holmes as saying, "is action and passion. It is required of a man that he should share the passion and action of his time at peril of being judged not to have lived."

Therefore, Mr. Shriver does not seek to give a universal tinge of rosy happiness to the condition of man. "Of course," he says, "there will always be some segment of American population not so well off as the rest. But no one connected with the poverty program proposes to equalize life's burdens. Helping the poor help themselves is the keynote of the President's program. It does not offer handouts; it offers opportunities. It is concerned with creating the conditions under which the child born into poverty can have the chance to help himself, to compete on equal terms with those lucky enough to have been born into affluence."

This is what the Peace Corps does—and what the peace corps of quite a number of other nations that are now following its example all over the map are doing.

Few travel books published this year will match Mr. Shriver's in the extent of territory covered, and none, I imagine, will surpass it in the astonishing variety of people sharing the perilous actions and passions of our time.

"Wherever you go in the world," Mr. Shriver said in summing up tours on Peace Corps duty that ranged through several dozen countries, "you meet the American Revolution coming back." You also meet the blood lines of people who either made the American Revolution possible or who are now in war and peace sharing their lives, their fortunes and their sacred honor to maintain what it was all about.

Mr. Shriver reminds us of the testament of Anne Frank: "I see the world gradually being turned into a wilderness," she wrote in her dairy. "I hear the ever approaching thunder, which will destroy us, too. I can feel the suffering of millions and yet, if I look up into the heavens, I think it will all come right. In the meantime, I must uphold my ideals, for perhaps the time will come when I shall be able to carry them out."

Singing a Spanish folk song at **Fiestas Julias,** annual "county fair" in Huehuetenango, Guatemala, are (from left) Volunteers Duane Schulze (Pigeon, Mich.), Mike Chase (Kirkland, Wash.), and Lanny Hall (Pleasanton, Kan.). Assigned as community-action workers, they were asked to sing at coronation of **Fiestas** queen.

Why, Indeed?

As he was setting up a night school in Penampang, Sabah, Volunteer Sam Adams (Huntington, Ind.) was confronted by a local citizen, who asked him in Malay:

"Why should I study English? Look at you. You speak English. You went to school. You have a degree. And what have you to show for it? You can't even buy a motorcycle, to say nothing of a car."

—From *Sabah Sharah, "Non-newsletter of The Sabah Volunteer."*

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